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THEKLA.

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THE KLA,

A FAIRY DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS,

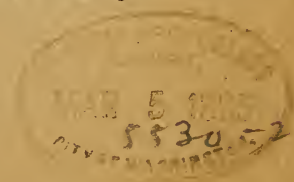
— BY —

MRS. H. M. TOLER,

With the exits and entrances, positions of the performers on the stage, and the whole of the stage business carefully marked from the author's original manuscript.



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— CLYDE, OHIO: —

A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

THEKLA.

PS635
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Cast of characters as performed at the Opera House, Wichita, Kansas, Thursday, Evening, December 8th., 1881.

THEKLA, (*an orphan of the ancient house.....*
of *Wallenstein*)..... *Mossie Baldwin*.
LIZETTE, (*daughter of the Burgomaster, with song*).... *Laura Piper*.
NURSE, *Winnie Goodenow*.
MEPHISTO, (*an Astrologer*) *Foster Toler*.
RUDOLPH, (*a young musician*) *Fred. Baldwin*.
BURGOMASTER, *Will Oliver*.
MAX, (*son of the Burgomaster*) *A. Kroenert*.
GOBBO, (*servant of the astrologer*) *Elmer Emmert*.
HANS BLOCHENHEAD, (*a young brewer*) *Ed. Mead*.
FIDELIA, (*queen of the fairies*) *Isis Holtschneider*.
THISTLEDOWN, (*messenger of the queen*) *Mamie Manuel*.
TWINKLE, } (*the Midgets, two very small girls*) { .. *Daisy Lynch*.
BLINK, } .. *Beatrice Rich*.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—ABOUT TWO HOURS.

COSTUMES.

THEKLA.—A blonde. Act First.—Simple white dress, large hat. Act Second—A long dark cloak should be worn over the white dress, and lace or zephyr fichu about the face. Act Third—A rich, light evening dress.

LIZETTE.—A brunette. White skirt, with two broad rows of black velvet; white waist, square neck; elbow sleeves; black lace in the neck and sleeves; black velvet bodice; a red rose pinned on the left side of the bodice; hair in two long plaits; red ribbons; small Normandy cap; red hose and slippers. She should be a good singer of graceful, vivacious movement.

NURSE.—Dark dress; mob cap; white kerchief.

MEPHISTO.—Black waist; trunks, or very short, full pants; red tights; [red stockings drawn over the arms, and long, red hose will do for young performers]; long, black cloak; black, cowl-shaped covering for the head, with small horns; goatee and mustache, black—with ends of mustache pointing up towards the ears.

BURGOMASTER.—Low shoes; white hose; white knee pants; yellow vest: Dutch knickerbocker style of coat: grey peruke; cocked hat; goatee and mustache.

MAX.—Military uniform.

RUDOLPH.—Black velvet short suit: mantle; broad-brimmed black hat with long feather.

HANS BLOCHENHEAD.—Wooden shoes; coarse hose; very dutchy.

FIDELIA.—Many skirted white tarleton dress; short drawers which should be covered with a fullness of white tarleton; ice-blue bodice with angel wings of tarleton; ice-blue hose.

THISTLEDOWN.—Highland costume; plaid hose; skirt; white waist; cap and feather; or, red hose; black velvet skirt; white waist; red sash; tiny bells sewed under the dress. She should dance the Highland Fling during fairy revels.

FAIRIES.—Pale pink and pale blue tarleton, made after the same style of the queen's.

☞ The fairy costumes may be spangled as much as possible.

☞ In the march and drill, let Thistledown conduct it.

☞ In the original production of this play, the performers ranged from fifteen to four years of age. Twinkle and Blink were four and five, Thistledown eleven, Thekla and Lizette were fourteen and fifteen, The play however, is as well adapted to "grown up" people.

THEKLA.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—A wood.

Enter Thekla and Nurse, L.

Thekla. How far we have wandered! this lovely valley has beguiled me on, and on, until I find myself too weary to go farther. (*sits herself on bank at L.*) Nurse, do you go on if you wish, I will rest, and find my way home alone.

Nurse. My dear child, I cannot leave you alone.

Thekla. And why, since I wish it?

Nurse. Nay, do not be angry my darling, I know you do not want to be rid of your old nurse, only your kind heart would not have me weary, I will wait with you.

Thekla. You are wrong nurse. I *do* wish to be rid of you! why will every one credit me with virtues I do not possess! I have *not* a kind heart. I have a hard, cruel heart, and you know it, or I should never speak so harshly to my foster mother; but there! go now, dear nurse, I will return home alone. (*as in a reverie*) Home, alas! I have everything that gold may buy, yet all the wealth of the world will not purchase a home! an orphan girl though she have half the province at her command, may never know the meaning of those sweetest words, home and mother. Ah, me! why am I not a happy girl?

Nurse. Hear this capricious one! Why is she not happy indeed? What more could maiden wish—riches, power, beauty, love—

Thekla. What, are you still there? Suppose I were suddenly bereft of my riches, who then besides yourself—

Nurse. My child, why vex yourself with impossible things? If you had not a grochen, you would have hosts of lovers who would gladly—

Thekla. I wish I could change stations with Margaret, the forester's daughter, for a little time, then I should *know* when I was loved for myself alone.

Nurse. Ah yes! you poor unsightly one. Thou "ugly duckling," of course one is not likely to love thee, my poor Thekla!

Thekla. Oh! I know I look well enough, to your loving eyes at least, my old nurse. (*after a pause*) Nurse, do you remember those old legends you used to tell me, oh, long ago, of wizards, and charms, yes and love-potions, with which unhappy hearts were wont to com-

pel the hearts of those who loved them not? Were any of them true dear Nurse?

Nurse. True? Of course. Do I tell lying legends then? I have heard my grandmother tell many times the same I have told to you — of the dark philosopher who held converse with the powers of darkness, and who could grant you your heart's desire, though they do say, *ones soul*, had sometimes to pay the price.

Thekla. Do you think nurse, that such things may be now, that — if I —

Nurse. Thou! Child let us go home, it is too late for us here, this wood is gloomy. Thou! (*aside*) The saints forbid! (*aloud*) True now? of course not! Nor ever were, I doubt me! I always thought they were idle tales! (*rises while speaking, ties bonnet.*)

Thekla. (*laughing*) Ah, nurse, I had you then! But go on, you are tired of this ramble, and I — am tired of you, go! I *will* be left alone to return when I chose.

Nurse. Oh, the trials with this wilful girl! Now —

Thekla. Go!

Nurse. I'll be thankful when a husband takes her off my hands, and may the saints deliver me from the charge of maidens, who have nothing more to do, but conjure up imaginary causes of unhappiness. One never knows what to expect of a maid, one minute they are all songs and laughter, the next sighing, tearful, and drooping as if they had not a friend in the world. Ah, they're a charge, they're a charge! (*exit R.*)

Thekla. Oh, how tired I am! This must be sleepy valley. I will rest awhile — and then go home — yes, rest and then — (*falls asleep.*)

Soft music gradually changing to waltz, or any time selected as the song or dance to follow. Enter Twinkle, from R. She introduces song and dance, or either, then sits at R. on small green bank. Enter Blink at L. with song and dance, or either, sees Twinkle.

Blink. Now then Twinkle, is the ground all ready for the dance of our queen?

Twinkle. Oh, I don't know. I am studying kittychism.

Blink. Catechism, you mean.

Twinkle. No, kittychism — catechism is for grown ups: sit down. Tell me Blink —

Here is introduced the discussion of some topic of local interest, which must be made simple in word, but which "takes" on account of the tiny disputants; the question discussed in the first presentaion was the one of prohibition, bringing in well known names of prominent citizens. Enter Thistledown to air of "Campbells are coming."

Thistledown. Hallo! Midgets, Twinkle and Blink, what are you quarreling about? Where are Shamrock and Columbine?

Enter Shamrock, to air of "Wearing of the green," then opposite side, Columbine to air of "Yankee Doodle,"

Thistle. Ah! here we are! Is every thing ready for revels? You know our queen expects our best efforts to-day! (*sees Thekla asleep*) What! A mortal! Come midgets, come sprites, here's a lark! A mortal asleep inside our charmed circle, she mustn't waken till sunset.

Music, they dance softly about Thekla, as the scene changes to

THEKLA.

SCENE SECOND.—A street in first grooves.

Enter Max, L.

Max. Well, here I am once more, on the streets of my native town. Three years away seems a long time to a young fellow, and he lives in fact and reality twice the time in the stirring, eventful changes of a soldier's life. But there is very little change in this sleepy old town—the few friends whom I have met, looked and greeted me as though I parted from them yesterday. How impatient I am to meet my dear old father, and my sister! Dear little Lizette! let me see! Lizette was fourteen when I saw her last, therefore must be seventeen—quite a woman! Can it really be? Hallo! Who is this?

Enter Hans Blochenhead, R.

Max. Now, who the deuce is this?

Hans. Now who der tyful is dis?

Max. Good morning!

Hans. Goot mornin'!

Max. What! Why, hallo! Is it? Ha, ha! Yes, it is!

Hans. Vat! Hallo! I s'pose it is!

Max. Why, Hans, old fellow! Hans Blochenhead, whose head I have so often punched at school! Why, Hans, don't you know your old school-fellow?

Hans. No I don'd. I don'd know whose head you haf so often punched—if it is mine Mr. Soldier, do you expect I shall remember efery one who have punch my head at school? But stay, I tink you are tell one great big lie—I nefer vent to school mit any soldier!

Max. Oh, Hans, Hans! You are as stupid as ever. Of course I was not a soldier then, don't you remember Max—?

Hans. (laughs) Vell now dot makes me laugh!

Max. What makes you laugh? If any thing can make you exert yourself enough to laugh, let's hear what it is.

Hans. Vy, dot a fellow don'd know his brudder-in-law.

Max. Brother-in-law? What does the idiot mean? I your brother-in-law—how do you make that?

Hans. Vy, ven Lizette and me gets married, aint you my brudder-in-law?

Max. Lizette—you! Lizette marry you? Why you poor fool! You are crazy, Lizette indeed! I'd punch your head again, just for the sake of old times if you were worth it.

Hans. Hold on! Hold on! I speak the truth. I haf you father's permission! Aha! Whose head will you punch now? Here! Look oud, don'd now—

Max. You driveling idiot, get out of my way before I am tempted to break your wooden head! Is it possible that my father would give Lizette to this clown? He is rich I know, but—no, it cannot be. How vexatious, that I must present myself to his excellency the Governor to report, before I can visit my home. Here, get out of my way—I've no time to talk to fools. [exit angrily R.]

Hans. Now, vat makes a man get so oxcided like dot? I don'd know if I better marry Gretchen—if Lizette gets so oxcided like dot. (shakes his head) Gretchen don'd get oxcided—but Gretchen is not

handsome. No, dot's so! Gretchen is not pritty; vell I must go and see Lizette before this soldier vill talk to his father and makes the father so oxcided, dot he vill be punching heads too. *(exit L.)*

⌘

SCENE THIRD.—An Astrologer's room—should be a cave, or dismal castle scene will answer, or ancient prison, table at R. draped with black with some old books, a globe, a mounted telescope, a curious shaped lamp and a stuffed owl; smaller table at L. also covered with black on which lies a skull; any other article to suit the fancy, the room to look as dismal and frightful as possible. Scene opens showing Gobbo with a broom, and a huge piece of bread.

Gobbo. Well, now I must hurry away to my pots and kettles. *(stuffs his mouth very full)* If ever a lad was put upon, that lad's me, Gobbo. It's work here, work there, with not even time to devote to the necessary replenishing of one's stomach. *(stuffs again)* But it's "here, Gobbo, thou imp, do this," "Gobbo, thou gluttonous rascal do that," or, "Gobbo, thou," any foul name you please, "do the other," until my life is a burden. The villagers all say "Gobbo, this master of thine starves thee"—any one can see I am poorly fed. *(cramming his mouth very full)* Yes, actually starved! *(exit L.)*

Enter Mephisto R.

Mephisto. How, now, Gobbo, thou lazy varlet!

Confused noise outside. Enter Gobbo L. with apron on rubbing a frying pan which he holds in his hands—mouth stuffed full.

Mephisto. Where has thy meddling hands laid the papers, which—what! Thou thieving glutton! When wilt thou get enough? canst thou not eat at reasonable hours, but must be stuffing thine ever empty paunch continually?

Gobbo. Oh, indeed good master, I did but lick the dish which held the pie sent by dame Margaret, a pity to let even the gravy of that pie be wasted. *(aside)* The gravy was all poor Gobbo got of it! So I did but lick the dish that nothing be wasted.

Mephisto. Hold thy tongue, prattler! Where are the papers left yesternight by the Burgomaster which should lie on the table there? How oft have I bade thee keep thy meddling hands off things which are no concerns of thine?

Gobbo. Papers? Burgomaster! Oh, yes, I put them in safe keeping—*(rushes awkwardly to table at L. empties lot of folded papers about the floor)* No, not there! *(goes to R. spills a box of miscellaneous articles)* Nor there either! Now, a plague upon my stupid head, where—what—

Mephisto. Peace blockhead, calm thyself, and see if thou canst remember. *(sit)*

Gobbo. *(bursting into a loud laugh.)*

Mephisto. What now idiot?

Gobbo. *(laughs long and loud, finally draws paper out of his stocking)* There! I knew I put them in a safe place! Look you what it is to be a careful servant. *(knocking outside.)*

Mephisto. Go boy, and see who craves admittance. *(exit Gobbo R.)*

Re-enter Gobbo, ushering in the Burgomaster, who makes a show of conversation at back with Mephisto. Gobbo sits in chair, C.

Gobbo.

"There was an honest Dutchman, Mynheer Von Stopplenose,

Und ever after dining he sat him down to doze,

Und schlept away the summer day in beautiful repose"—

Mephisto. (gives him a sudden poke in the back, causing him to jump suddenly; motions him out.) And so thou hast not read this letter, which was found, belonging to young Rudolf, and which is supposed to be a treasonable document?

Burgomaster. (who is seated at C. starting and looking nervously about him) A—no, your worship,

Mephisto. And dost not know a line in it?

Burgomaster. A—no, your worship. I only know he considers it important, and it must concern state matters, for the old dame where he lodges, told me he sought diligently for it, and was much alarmed.

Mephisto. Well, Burgomaster I will read this letter to thee it may be treason but not as thou thinkest. *(reads)* "Mine Own Rudolph: Did you wait for me last night at our trysting place dearest one? I am in despair that we were disappointed, but another time my Rudolph I will not fail thee. Indeed I could not get away, for my father and that stupid Hans Blochenhead, kept me while they smoked and drank, until I was near-screaming with impatience, and that horrid Hans leered at me with his hateful eyes, until I spoke to him sharply, and was nicely scolded by my father. Adieu my Rudolph until we meet.

YOUR OWN, LIZETTE."

Burgomaster. Ten thousand—what my Lizette,—a love letter—I'll kill the young music player—horrid Hans—treason—I'll shut the girl up for a week! I'll—

(rushing furiously about.)

Mephisto. Calm thyself mynheer, it is treason then, but perhaps I can help thee.

Burgomaster. Oh, your worship, they do say that you are in league with the—ahem! That you are familiar—that is to say, you have acquaintance with the powers of the air, and may call them to do your will, now if your worship could give me something to cause my daughter to forget this young music player, and marry a man of my choice, as a dutiful daughter should,—

Mephisto. Should I do so, what art thou prepared to pay for it?

Burgomaster. Pay? O—h what your worship chooses.

Mephisto. A thousand thalers, for instance?

Burgomaster. A thousand fiends! Your worship jests. Oh, no, no, no, no!

Mephisto. (aside) This fellows cupidity gets the best of his vengeance. *(aloud)* Well, then thy daughter may wed the penniless young poet!

Burgomaster. But consider your worship—a thousand—umph, umph, no, no!

(picks up his hat and cane.)

Mephisto. And Hans Blockenhead's gold may fill other coffers than thine?

Burgomaster. (hesitates) But a thousand—umph, umph! *(exit L.)*

Enter Gobbo, L.

Gobbo. Master, there is a maiden outside who wants to come in.

Mephisto waves him permission—re-enter Gobbo with Thekla, &c.

Gobbo. Now what can she be up to? I'll see. (*hides.*)

Thekla. (*aside*) How my heart beats! that I, Thekla of Wallenstein, should come to this horrid place, this monster for help, to gain the love of a poor obscure youth, dependent on his art for his daily bread. I, who have spurned the noblest at my feet! Oh, my heart fails me! And yet—ah, Rudolph, you must be mine—we will go far away, and this rustic Lizette will be forgotten. Courage! (*turning to Mephisto who has stood with folded arms*) Sir, I seek your aid. I know that you are powerful, holding the very powers of darkness in control.

Mephisto. Take off thy covering maiden, I may deal in mysteries, but I would see thy face. Art ashamed of thy errand daughter of Wallenstein?

Thekla. (*with a start*) Ashamed! in truth I am, but do not think I fear—not if you were the evil one himself, instead of his servant as common report makes you!

Mephisto. Maiden, thou hast a forward tongue, but speak, why art thou here?

Thekla. Sir, I seek a love charm.

Mephisto. What thou, can the haughty beauty of Amberg seek a love which is refused her!

Thekla. You have said it. I am called the proudest girl in the province—and yet—I love unsought.

Mephisto. Who is this scornful Prince, who is proof against thy charms?

Thekla. Prince! Ha, ha! And yet he is fit for a prince, is Rudolph the musician.

Mephisto. And he loves thee not?

Thekla. Alas, no! He loves, and is betrothed to Lizette the Burgomaster's daughter. But might I not buy from you that which shall turn his heart to me? It must not harm him, and once away from this country maiden, he will forget her, and she will easily console herself with another. I am willing to pay any sum for this—but if it fails me, or harms him—(*threateningly.*)

Mephisto. Cease thy empty threats. I think I will give thee what thou seekest—yes, for thy mother's sake. Remain here until I return. (*exit through door draped with black at B. C.—flashes of lightning, and thunder—lights down during Thekla's speech*)

Thekla. How I hate myself! Can it be that I have fallen so low, as to ask help from this awful one who holds nightly converse with unholy spirits? Ah, unhappy that I am, who will not be content with that which I have, but seek to peril my soul, for that which I have not! My mother, do you look down in pity to-night on your wilful daughter, who has perversely put away every good impulse, every holy emotion, have resolutely hushed every inward monitor to do this thing! My angel mother, hear my vow—only help me in this my heart's desire, and once out of this horrible place I will never return, I will devote my life to better things! I will curb my wilful spirit! I will no more be called haughty Thekla, but meek, humble, loving, Thekla. (*thunder, lightning, and wild sobbing cries behind scenes*) Ah heaven! What fearful cry was that? Perhaps I shall never leave this place alive! But see he returns.

Lights gradually up. Enter Mephisto from c.

Mephisto. This vial contains that which you seek, it may be given in wine, or water, or drank as you see it here.

Thekla. Do you swear no harm shall come to him I love, through this?

Mephisto. It shall not hurt him.

Thekla. Here is the gold—let me hasten from this place.

(exit humbly.)

Mephisto. Aye! Go, proud and haughty daughter of a scornful mother! Thy lover shall not be hurt! A stone cannot be hurt!

Gobbo shows his head at l. where he has been hid—Mephisto turns to leave the room as the curtain falls.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—A wood same as Act 1st. Curtain rises showing Lizette and Rudolph seated on bank at l. Music at rising of curtain.

Lizette. Dearest Rudolph! What a charming place for the fairies to dance. See these beautiful mossy banks, this grassy sward, and these dense shady retreats.

Rudolph. Ah, yes, my Lizette, very lovely—are those black and sparkling eyes of thine.

Lizette. Thou silly boy!

Rudolph. Beautiful as you say for a fairy revel, but equally so for a meeting with one's sweetheart, eh?

Lizette. Oh, I find it passable, even for that.

Rudolph. Thou wicked Lizette!

Lizette. Come, foolish boy you are too fond of the sound of your own voice, charm me with the voice of this, my rival in your affection.

Rudolph. But the only one leibchen, and no part of jealousy. *(any music can be introduced, if two pieces are played let the first be some well known Alpine piece.)*

Rudolph. Was not that last bit lovely, Lizette? It always makes—

Lizette. Oh, lovely indeed my Rudolph. Oh! You have a dimple in your chin. *(stoops softly towards him, then pirouettes to c. as Rudolph catches her.)*

Rudolph. Thou dreadfully wicked Lizette!

Lizette. To punish you for that slanderous speech, master pert, you shall listen to music of mine.

Rudolph. *(reclining lazily)* Speed the punishment!

(any song to suit the singer, introduced here.)

Lizette. *(archly)* How do you like your purgatory?

Rudolph. If this is purgatory, who would go to heaven!

A second song may be introduced after which faint music in the distance. Rudolph rises.

Lizette. Hark! What music is this? (*goes to R. U. E. and listens*)
Rudolph, as true as you live, they are fairies! Come and look for yourself. (*Rudolph goes to her*) There, do you see that glittering train? Hear that elfin music? Oh, *Rudolph*, this is midsummer day, let us haste away from this elfish place. (*exit L.*)

A march is played louder until—enter R. fairies' train. When about centre of stage they stop, step apart, and Thistledown leads Queen up through to the throne, some suitable song for the fairies can be introduced then. March resumed, the figures of a grand march, or any exercise fancied, after which they break in waltz time, and waltz seperately to different places on the stage. The fairies entertainment can be as varied as the accomplishments of the performers will permit, dancing, singing, suitable recitations etc. may be used. After a few of these—

Queen. Another midsummer day my subjects, we are met for our revels on our favored ground. Come hither *Thistledown*, my light dancing Scotch blossom.

Thistle. Here, most g-r-r-racious majesty, right on time! What's the racket now?

Queen. Hear this mischievous sprite! In what unknown tongue does she speak!

Thistle. Unknown tongue! (*theatrically*) Slang, most gracious majesty. Slang!

Queen. Slang? Is that a new language then? Where do the speakers of slang dwell, and who are they?

Thistle. Their name is legion. They dwell in every place pressed by the foot of mortal! Slang, my noble queen, is the language of mortals.

Queen. Now saucy sprite! You do but mock us! The language of mortals?

Thistle. Fast becoming the legitimate language, particularly of that part of the world called America. There, even infant mortals lisp, "can't sthand the prethure," "don't give uth away," "he'th up to thnuff," "well I thould wemark,"—and are fast becoming instructed—in the way they shouldn't go.

Queen. What odd creatures the mortals are. Do they all speak in the tongue of slang then?

Thistle. "You bet your boots." No, by the way, only the younger generation—there are a few old mossbacks who cling to stilts.

Queen. Stilts? Do they walk with stilts?

Thistle. Stilted language, your maj. For instance a mossback would say, "take your immediate departure to the regions reverberating with heaven's artillery!" Slang says, "go to thunder!" Again, a mossback would request with dignity, "Show me the individuals who caused the exerescence on the cerebellum of the late lamented William Patterson." Slang is brief and to the point, and in time will be the language of mortals.

Queen. *Thistledown*, thou elfish sprite! Have I been unwise in allowing you to become familiar with mortals? I fear you are demoralized, but come, have you learned anything else?

Thistle. "Well I should sweetly murmur!" Do you know these mortals are a queer lot, one is no more like another, than—than—anything; now there is my friend Gobbo, the servant of that old skul

and crossbones, whom they call Mephisto. Now Gobbo's a "daisy." But you ought to hear him sing. (*laughs and sings through her nose, to air of "Marching down to old Quebec."*)

Fairies deride with cries of "that is no music."

Thistle. It is music to Gobbo. How do you like this then?

(*sings same way to air of "Come thou Fount" or "Nettleton." slow*)

Poor old Pidey, she died last Friday,

Poor old cretur, the turkey buzzard's eat-er—

Yet again, your majesty, there is quite another sample of mortal, known as the aesthetic young woman. Oh she is quite too utterly too-too! Ha, ha! Too sweetly, tenderly utter! (*during some graceful movements on Thistledown's part, here she crosses over L. at side of the throne.*)

Enter R. two fairies leading Thekla to the Queen.

First Fairy. May it please your majesty, here is a mortal whom we have found asleep inside our circle.

Queen. Speak, maiden, why are you here?

Thekla. Purely by accident, most beautiful queen. I did not know this lovely valley belonged to your majesty. I often walk here.

Queen. Not on midsummer day?

Thekla. Midsummer—truly no. How strange!

Queen. (*to Thistledown*) Is not this the maiden of whom you told me?

Thistle. The identical party, your maj.

Queen. (*descending and standing by Thekla's side*) Thekla, daughter of the house of Wallenstein, come nearer, I have something to say to you. Have you yet given to Rudolph the potion obtained from the wicked and artful Mephisto?

Thekla. (*with a start*) How do you know this?

Queen. I have messengers who keep me acquainted with the affairs of mortals. Thekla, I knew your lovely young mother well.

Thekla. My mother!

Queen. And have great interest in her spoiled, wilful daughter. Ah, child, if thy mother had lived, then you had never grown up a slave to every fancy and desire natural to an ill-regulated mind; you have been flattered and caressed, every lightest wish granted, until the selfish part of your nature has grown into giant stature; while the generous, the lovely, the noble attributes of your soul, are allowed to dwarf into puny caricatures of themselves!

Thekla. (*proudly*) These are hard words, beautiful-queen.

Queen. But true ones, my proud Thekla. Ask your own heart, have you smothered every better feeling? Shut out all memory of the gentle voice which should ever remain with you, to hold you to hope of heaven? Ah! Thekla, listen to one who has seen the wreck of many lives; believe me, though evil may seem to prosper for a season, the way of goodness and purity is our only hope of happiness.

Thekla. Too late! Too late! I have chosen my path and will walk therein though my feet are torn by the thorns that lie in the way. A Wallenstein is not afraid.

Queen. Listen to me, perverse girl, I told you I had many messengers among mortals; did you ever hear that this Mephisto, this monster of iniquity, sought the hand of your mother, ere she was wooed and won by your father, the gallant baron.

Thekla. What? He? My mother?

Queen. And being refused, vowed vengeance on her and hers. *Thekla* hear me! This which you hide in your bosom, is from the evil one himself, not to turn the heart of him you love toward you, but to turn into stone, the mortal who drinks!

Enter Fairy, R.

Fairy. May it please your majesty, the chief time keeper bids me say to you, that it only lacks a few minutes till sunset.

Queen. True, *Lightwing*, get every thing in readiness. *Thekla*, I must leave you, and may not speak with you again for a year, let your better spirit rule you. Farewell. (*goes down through the fairy ranks, they fall in, music, they march off at R. music grows fainter, until it ceases*)

Thekla. Can this be me? Am I dreaming? Is this the same valley I have loved from childhood? Oh, what horrid night-mare is this? I feel as though a mountain were pressing on my heart; the very trees seem to whisper and groan, mocking at me for my wretchedness. I, who an hour since thought this such a lovely world. (*takes the vial from her bosom*) It is not a dream, for here is the hateful vial; can it be *Fidelia* spoke the truth concerning its horrid properties? Ah! It must be true, for I remember that monster's evil look when he said, "it shall not hurt him." What more fitting end for a wild unhappy spirit like mine than to drain the hateful draught myself! I will! (*drinks, covers her face with her hands drops the vial on the ground*) A stone? I cannot believe it, and yet—how long will it be I wonder, till some wayfarer shall find all that is left of poor *Thekla*. Hark! Voices, (*Lizette and Rudolph crosses the stage at back, or on an elevation*) it is *Lizette*, and *Rudolph*! She leans on his arm, look, with love he bends over her! Ah, there is no hatred in my heart for her now—may you be happy. They will—she will be his beloved bride, while I—will be poor forgotten *Thekla*! Oh, this numbness, which seems creeping up to my very heart! The draught—I feel its work. Ah, mother pity and forgive.!

Here the song, 'Sweet Spirit hear my Prayer' may be sung by Thekla, at the close of which, she sinks slowly to her knees, lights low, and the spirit of Thekla's mother appears hovering over her, at the same instant the fairies appear instantaneously, in different attitudes of despair. Tableau red light thrown on from both sides of the stage.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*Burgomaster's house.* *Burgomaster* and *Hans Blochenhead* seated at table, L. on which are glasses and pitcher. Both are smoking.

Burgomaster. Have you talked that little matter over with *Lizette* yet?

Hans. No, I haf no need, dot is all right if she like me, but she like dot Rudolph, he make de nice musig.

Burgomaster. Lizette will hear me! I will have no Rudolph for my son-in-law.

Hans. (reflectively) Gretchen Von Stopplenose likes me puddy vell. Gretchen haf got money, too.

Burgomaster. Ach, Himmel! Gretchen Von Stopplenose, and my Lizette!

Hans. Oh, I know, she don't vent to look so puddy, but she can make good cheese.

Burgomaster. Will you have Lizette make cheese?

Hans. Oh, no. But if a frau don't look so puddy, it is goot if she can make cheese.

Burgomaster. The son of the rich brewer of Amberg, has no need that his frau make cheese.

Enter Lizette and Rudolph unseen at C. she motions to Rudolph to remain by the door.

Lizette. Ah! My dear papa, here you are, do you know I've been looking for you every where? If I tell you something will you forgive me papa? Say yes, say yes, you can sweet old papa!

Burgomaster. For what?

Lizette. Say yes, first papa, I have so much to tell you.

Burgomaster. (puts his arm about her) Gretchen Von Stopplenose can make goot cheese, eh, Hans?

Lizette. Never mind Gretchen, papa, though she is a good housewife, and we all know Hans loves cheese, but say you will forgive me what I am about to tell you.

Burgomaster. Well! Yes, then.

Lizette. (drags Rudolph forward) This is my husband, papa.

Burgomaster. What, thou! No, no, leave my house.

Lizette. No, no, papa, you have promised, besides what is the use, —we are already married, the good priest at the little church in the valley, gave us his blessing this very afternoon. Forgive us papa, for this good news. My brother, your son, has come home from the army!

Burgomaster. My boy? My Max? Oh, where.

Lizette. Bless you my own papa. *(kisses him)* You do forgive us then?

Burgomaster. Yes I forgive you, and this my son also. *(gives Rudolph his hand)* I cannot be angry if my boy is safe—tell me of my son.

Lizette. Well, then, I told you the good priest at Amberg married us, you sweet old papa! And after we had come out of the little church, down through the valley, where you know they say the fairies dance at the foot of a mossy bank, knelt a handsome young soldier, over what proved to be the lifeless form of the beauty of Amberg.

Burgomaster. What! Thekla of Wallenstein! Was the maiden dead then?

Lizette. No, only in a deep faint. Rudolph brought water from the spring, and I chafed her hands, and presently she began to recover, and I had time to notice the young Prussian officer, and oh, papa, I was near fainting! I threw myself on his breast in a trans-

port of joy—and, oh, papa, I do believe my brother has fallen in love with the haughty Thekla, and, oh, papa—

Burgomaster. Stop! Stop! Thou rattlepate! Ach, but this Rudolph will have much the worst of it, with such a tongue as thine. (loud) Where is my son?

Enter Max and Thekla, l.

Max. Here, my dear father.

Burgomaster. My boy!

(*they embrace.*)

Max. The war is over now, I have returned home, are you glad to have me?

Lizette. And here is the fraulein Thekla, papa, who craves our hospitality for the night, only think of her falling asleep on the fairy glade.

Burgomaster. The fraulein Thekla, is most welcome. I hope her dreams were pleasant ones.

Thekla. Pleasant? Oh, not all a dream! Was that dread creature Mephisto, with his horrid surroundings, were Fidelia's searching words of reproach, a dream? Oh, I have indeed been fearfully warned against pride and selfishness.

Lizette. Why, what is all this! Mephisto, Fidelia, who are these?

Thekla. The dark wizard of the cave, the fairy queen.

Lizette. This comes of falling asleep in the wood on midsummer day. There, never mind dear Thekla, forget the horrid dream. We will take such good care of you, that you shall think of nothing but a delightful reality. My brother here, is a capital one I have no doubt to cheer up a desponding heart, he looks as though he were willing to try.

Max. (*kissing Thekla's hand*) That shall be as the fraulein shall permit.

Burgomaster. Oh, it is easy see that another wedding will be the end of this dream.

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CURTAIN

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I. Seizer,.....	<i>a constable, used to take away bad effects</i>
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101 The Coming Man.....	3 1	70 Which will he Marry.....	2 8
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—SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.—

ACT FIRST.—Coyotes in camp, the Cottrell emigrant train, Prairie Spirit causes surprise and fear, "a thousand dollars for the solving of the mystery," attack by the Indians, Skipp in a fix, Black Eagle's vow, compact of Devine and Budgett, the prairie on fire. Home of the Cottrells, Budgett laying his plans, a little rifle practice, Budgett departs for the Coyote camp, "to-night the attack shall be made," Skipp skips in, phrenology discussed, Bridgett's dander is up, "tell me I'm lousy will ye? examination of Patrick's head, "he hangs his banner on the outer walls," engagement of Minnie and Fynes, the Prairie Spirit appears, the camp attacked, "for life and liberty."

ACT SECOND.—Prisoners, Fynes buried alive, "he will be a kind of headstone to the Cottrell settlement," Devine swears to marry Minnie, her scorn, Fynes left alone to die, Skipp safe and a skipping, thinks the buried man a ghost, rescue of Fynes, appearance of the Prairie Spirit, Skipp offers to examine her head, "well she is the first woman I ever saw who wouldn't wag her jaw—a good woman to marry," Black Eagle on the trail, a mop solo, capture of Devine, torture at the stake, the Spirit appears, on the trail, a father's grief, "light dawns," Skipp lectures on phrenology, examination of heads, Skipp recognized as a former minister, he is detained to marry Devine to Minnie, "I am an American—in detaining me you insult the American flag."

ACT THIRD.—Minnie's despair, the traitor, hope raised to be banished, foiled, the forced marriage, "when Daniel Devine comes for his intended bride he shall find a bride of death," the strange letter, hope again, trouble in the Coyote camp, a duel between Budgett and Devine, death of Budgett, Skipp tries to skip performing the marriage ceremony between Devine and Minnie, "according to the laws of phrenology you are not mated to wed together," the Prairie Spirit, divorced by death, story of the Prairie Spirit, Black Eagle revenged, "all peace now—Great Spirit smile on the *Emigrant's Daughter*."

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